

WHY IS HORSE FLESH TABOOED?

Bible Bans It Because of Its Hoof; Local Dealers Say "Nothing Doing."

Now that there is a probability that horse flesh is to become a part of the menu of thrifty American households, the question has been raised why the horse has not been used as a food before this. The answers have been varied, many replying that the distaste for serving horse meat is purely psychological; while others, with an acquaintance with history, point out that Leviticus of the old Testament had a whole lot to do with the matter. It was the 11th book of Leviticus that presented the ban upon four footed animals who did not have a cud and cloven foot in common. Under this classification the horse and ass came to be regarded as unclean food.

Directed at Swine.

Dr. Henry Easter said he thought that the origin of the Judaic idea was directed at the swine and, in order to make it binding, animals with some of the swine traits were included. "At that time," said Dr. Easter, "the people where the Jews lived in great numbers had pork in everything they ate, as pigs were easy to grow and the meat might be carried from one season to the other."

"When a man was placed upon it as a part of one's food, it was impossible for the Jewish people to be neighborly with the Egyptians and other foreign people about them, as neighborliness consisted in a large measure of partaking of food. Gradually the wall of separateness was built up and, to this day, the Jewish people still cling to the outlawing of swine as a meat."

Look Up Leviticus.

Dr. Martin Zielonka laughed when questioned as to the ancient legislation against pigs and said: "Look up Leviticus." Leviticus was then hunted up on the library shelves and it was found that, in addition to much legislation on the matter of what animals to eat and what not to eat, the story also disclosed that the leaders of the tribe and the priests did not lose any by the method of killing and sacrifice.

Told in One Sentence.

The instructions to the Jewish people in Leviticus are attributed to God and, according to the book, were delivered to Moses and Aaron. The sentence which tells the whole story reads: "Whatever parteth the hoof and is cloven footed and cheweth the cud among the beasts, that shall ye eat."

It was pointed out at that time that the camel, the hare and the swine might be used and the response was that while the camel chewed a cud, it had no cloven foot; that the hare chewed a cud but had a straight hoof; and that the swine had straight hoofs but did not chew a cud. Not possessing both qualifications they were all left from the menu.

Unclean Birds.

At the same time the eagle, vulture, kite, raven, owl, cuckoo, swan, pelican, stork and heron were all declared to be unclean animals, the birds—perhaps because of their habits; while fish without scales were classified as "unclean."

Philip Licata, manager of the Fulton market, when asked if he would handle horse meat provided it was placed on the local market, replied: "Never on my life will I handle such meat. It is my custom, I would not think of offering it to my customers." And as he made the comment he glanced over to his meat stock where rabbit meat and all sorts of strange things from the sea, which he took humankind aces to learn how to eat, were stacked in pleasing heaps.

SUGGESTS DEAL WITH EUROPE FOR GIVING UP PHILIPPINES

Washington, D. C., Dec. 31.—Charles H. Sherrill, former United States minister to the Argentine Republic, in an address here advanced the suggestion that the United States might strike some bargain with European nations and Japan whereby American possession of the Philippines would be relinquished if the Old World nations would give up their few remaining colonial possessions in the western hemisphere. Mr. Sherrill was elaborating upon the views which he expounded some time ago to the effect that the Monroe Doctrine should be completed, by having the United States purchase an set free all existing European colonies in the New World, except Canada, which is already self-governing.

In his address, which was delivered at a banquet given by the Carnegie Foundation to the American Institute of International Law and other societies, Mr. Sherrill said that to make sure of a continuing peace on the Pacific, the United States must act as through the Monroe Doctrine; it asked others to do. For nearly a century, he said, the United States had preached to all the outside world against interference with the affairs of this hemisphere, and peace on the Pacific could not be assured until Japan was convinced that what we preach on the eastern shores of that ocean were willing to practice on the western.

DECLARES ENMIES OF U. S. ARE WITHIN OWN BORDERS

Columbus, Ohio, Dec. 31.—The real enemies of the United States, according to a speech made by C. M. Thompson, chairman of the board of trustees of the American Defense society, in addressing the American Association for the Advancement of Science Thursday night.

"The enemy," said Mr. Thompson, "is what I like to call our hyphenated Americans. He is our congressional-American, our party-American. He is to be found in the halls of Washington and in the halls of our national legislature. He has built for us an insufficient number of ships. We have scarcely enough men for sea coast defense. Many of our guns are out of date, and there is a deplorable lack of ammunition."

U. S. TROOPS IN CANAL ZONE TO DO EXTENSIVE FIELD WORK

Panama, Dec. 31.—The United States troops stationed in the Canal Zone will engage in extensive field work during the coming dry season, beginning with January. At first, the various regiments, companies and battalions, will be employed in separate units, but later the entire mobile force of the Canal troops will take the field for two weeks training. A mimic war will be waged with the idea that the Canal is being attacked from the Pacific.

LANDER LUMBER COMPANY TO HAVE HOUSEWARMING

The Lander Lumber company will have a housewarming of its new office at Texas and Laurel streets New Year's day. The company recently moved from its old place on Myrtle and Cotton and is now installed in a fine new office building.

This company was formed seven years ago and has grown rapidly since that time. The company is composed of Robert Lander, president; Rev. H. P. Bond, vice president and Percy McGee, secretary.

Musical at the Zeigler from 8 p. m. to 1 a. m. New Year's eve.—Adv.

Capt. Anton G. Thomsen, of the Scandinavian-American Line steamer Frederick VIII, has completed 200 round trips across the Atlantic.

"A Hint to the Wise"

By NELL BRINKLEY

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Do you think any chap around New Year's time who sees a dear of a girl standing under the dark-green leaves and snow-white berries of the mistletoe—needs that hint at all, at all—if he thinks he could venture a kiss without it?—NELL BRINKLEY.

"Playing Dead" Third of the New Stories

By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

The Story of the Man Who Was Reported Dead, but Still Lived; What He Saw and Heard and Experienced as a Result.

(Continued From Yesterday.)

As he moved across it toward the bookcase, his stockings feet on the bare oak floor gave forth no sound. He assured himself there was no occasion for alarm. But when, with the electric torch with which he had prepared himself, he swept the bookshelves, he suffered all the awful terrors of a thief.

His purpose was to restore a lost fortune; had he been intent on stealing one he could not have felt more deeply guilty. At last the tiny shaft of light fell upon the title of the "Pickwick Papers." With shaking fingers Jimmie drew the book toward him. In his hands it fell open, and before him lay "The Last Will and Testament of James Blugwin, Esquire."

With an effort Jimmie choked a cry of delight. He had reason to feel relief. In dragging the will from its hiding place he had put behind him the most difficult part of his adventure; the final ceremony of replacing it in the safe was a matter only of minutes. With self-satisfaction Jimmie smiled; in self pity he sighed miserably. For, when those same minutes had passed, again he would be an exile. As soon as he had set his house in order, he must leave it, and once more upon the earth become a wanderer and an outcast.

The knob of the door from the bedroom he grasped softly and, as he

turned it, firmly, stealthily, with infinite patience and stepping close to the wall, he descended the stairs, tiptoed across the hall, and entered the living room. On the lower floor, he knew he was alone. No longer, like Oliver Twist breaking into the scullery of Mr. Giles, need he move in dreadful fear. But as a cautious general, even when he advanced, maps out his line of retreat, before approaching the safe Jimmie prepared his escape. The only entrances to the dining room were through the living room, in which he stood, and from the butler's pantry. It was through the latter he determined to make his exit. He crossed the dining room, and in the pantry cautiously raised the window, and on the floor below placed a chair. If while at work reach the lawn he had but to thrust back the door to the pantry, leap to the chair, and through the open window fall upon the grass. If his possible pursuers gave him time, he would retrieve his shoes; if not, he would abandon them. They had not been made to his order, but bought in the Sixth avenue store where he was unknown, and they had been delivered to a man named Henry Hall. If found, instead of condemning him, they rather would help to prove the intruder was a stranger.

Having arranged his get away, Jimmie returned to the living room. In a glance of caution and that he might carry with him a farewell picture of the place where for years he had been so supremely happy, he swept it with his torch.

The light fell upon Jeanne's writing desk and there halted. Jimmie gave a low gasp of pleasure and surprise. In the shaft of light, undisturbed in their silver frames, and in their place of honor, he saw three photographs of himself. The tears came to his eyes. Jeanne had not cast him utterly into cold darkness. She still remembered him kindly, still held for him a feeling of good will. Jimmie sighed gratefully. The sacrifice he had made for the happiness of Jeanne and Mad-dox now seemed easier to bear. And that happiness must not be jeopardized.

More than ever before the fact that he, a dead man, must not be seen, impressed him deeply. At the slightest sound, at even the suggestion of an alarm, he must fly. The will might take care of itself. In case he were interrupted, where he dropped it there must it lie. The fact of supreme im-

portance was that unrecognized he should escape.

The walls of the dining room were covered with panels of oak, and built into the jog of the fireplace and concealed by a movable panel was the safe. In front of it Jimmie sank to his knees and pushed back the panel. Propped upon a chair behind him, the electric torch threw its shaft of light full upon the combination lock. On the floor, ready to his hand, lay the will.

The combination was not difficult. It required two turns left, three right, and in conjunction two numerals. While so intent upon his work that he scarcely breathed, Jimmie spun the knob. Then he tossed gently, and the steel door swung toward him.

At the same moment, from behind him, a metallic click gave an instant's warning, and then the room was flooded with light.

From his knees, in one bound, Jimmie flung himself toward his avenue of escape.

It was blocked by the bulky form of Preston, the butler.

Jimmie turned and doubled back to the door of the living room. He found himself confronted by his wife.

The sleeve of her night dress had fallen to her shoulder and showed her white arm extended toward him. In her hand, pointing, was an automatic pistol.

Already dead, Jimmie feared nothing but discovery.

The door to the living room was wide enough for two. With his head down, he sprang toward it. There was a report that seemed to shake the walls, and something like the blow of a nightstick knocked his leg from under him and threw him on his back. Next instant Preston had landed both knees on his lower ribs and, as squeezing his windpipe.

Jimmie felt he was drowning, and him millions of stars danced. A gasp from another world, in a howl of terror, the voice of Preston screamed. The hands of the butler released the hold upon his throat. As suddenly as he had thrown himself upon him he now recoiled.

"It's him," he shouted. "It's him!" "Him?" demanded Jeanne. "It's Mr. Blugwin!"

Unlike Preston, Jeanne did not scream; nor did she faint. So greatly did she desire to believe that "him" was her husband, that she still was in the same world with herself, that she did not ask how he had escaped from the other world, or why, having escaped, he spent his time robbing his own house.

Instead, much like Preston, she threw herself at him and in her young, firm arms lifted him and held him close.

"Jimmie!" she cried, "speak to me; speak to me!"

The blow on the back of the head, the throttling by Preston, the "stop-plug power" of the bullet, even though it passed only through his leg, had left Jimmie somewhat confused. He knew only that it was a dream. But worse, as it was a dream, that once more he was with Jeanne, that she clung to him, needed and welcomed him, he could not linger to enjoy the dream. He was dead. If not, he must escape. Honor compelled it. He made a movement to rise, and fell back.

The voice of Preston, because he had choked his master, full of remorse, and

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because his mistress had shot him, full of reproach, rose in dismay: "You've 'it 'im in the leg, ma'am!" Jimmie heard Jeanne protest hysterically.

"That's nothing, he's alive!" she cried. "To hit him again if it would only make her angry!" The bearded face against her own. "Speak to me," she whispered. "Tell me you forgive me. Tell me you love me!" Jimmie opened his eyes and smiled at her.

"You never had to shoot me," he stammered, "to make me tell you that."

(The End.)

Tomorrow, "Billy and the Big Stick" will be commencing in The Herald. This is another of Richard Harding Davis's new short stories. These stories are ripping good ones, full of interest and they have the value that you do not have to wait a long time to finish them. Each story runs six days in The Herald and no more.

SEMAPHORE ARM TOO HIGH AND IS TURNED TOO FAST

That it would be a substantial help to drivers if the semaphore were lowered and that it would also aid in handling of traffic if the officer would operate it more slowly, were recommendations offered by approximately 45 motorists of the city Thursday afternoon in corporation court when they were arraigned before Judge Paul Thomas on charges of passing the semaphore at Mesa and Mills street.

All of the motorists agreed that the semaphore at present was too high and that either it should be lowered or that a fan should be placed at an angle near the ground, and where it could be seen from an approaching automobile.

Instructions not to make any arrests for the next two days, until El Pasoans became familiar with the semaphore, were issued to the officers of the three shifts stationed at Mesa and Mills by chief Don Johnson.

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